

THE SWEETNESS OF LIFE.

It is not on days I was happy,
But the winds that sweep the sky,
The flowers and the bees in the meadow
Sung me happy even as I.



OLIVE, by Sarah Doudney

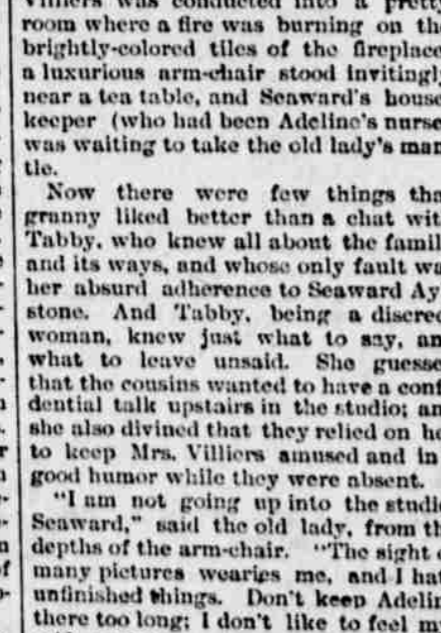
CHAPTER XI—CONTINUED.
Olive could not tell what hymn was
sung after the sermon. She was still
vibrating to the sound of the preacher's
tones—his strong sympathy, his perfect
knowledge of all the needs of humanity,

ward's mother had lived, Adeline had
been under her care, and the two had
traveled together, sometimes accompan-



"SO MISS VILLIERS HAS BEEN HERE?"

grandmother in a time gone by, and
had very nearly ruined his prospects in
life.
But he had repented of his folly before
it was too late. And in obedience
to granny's command he had dutifully
proposed to his cousin Adeline.



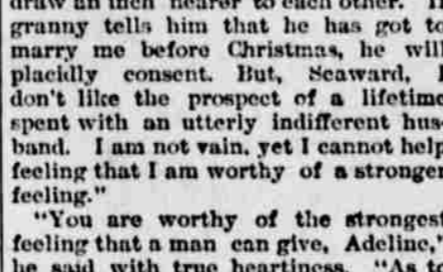
"YOU OUGHT TO MARRY, SEAWARD."

was silent. She rose and went to look
at the bowl of flowers which her hands
had arranged the day before. Then,
with one of her quick movements, she
came to his side, touching him gently
on the shoulder: "You do not advise
me, old boy." Her clear voice trembled
a little. "One man knows another's
secrets and never tells them. I don't ask
you to betray confidence. I only say
help me to come to a decision."

amusement, set down her empty cup,
and made a sign to her comrad.

"Even supposing her to be a Jill of
low degree, Adeline?"
"Even supposing that," she answered,
firmly.

CHAPTER XIII.
"WHO TRANQUILLY IN LIFE'S GREAT TASK
FIELD WROUGHT."
Olive was waiting, almost impatiently,
for next Sunday. The little gray
chapel, standing in its quiet garden,
was a spiritual resting place, and the
words that she had heard there were
living in her mind.



"YOU ARE IN TROUBLE," SAID THE QUIET VOICE.

newly-won peace. On Saturday after-
noon, without saying a word to any-
one, she took her way once more down
the steep little street, and found the
iron gate unclosed.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"YOU OUGHT TO MARRY, SEAWARD."

CHAPTER XIV.
"THE ONLY TROUBLE WITH IT WAS THAT IT
DIDN'T WORK."
"Memory, the warbler of the brain,"
says Shakespeare, but with many it
would seem that the full meaning of
the aphorism is sadly lost. Most every
one has some sort of a memory, good,
bad or indifferent, as the case may be,
but one person out of every fifty has
some process or other intended to aid
their memory, hoping in time to be able
to retain in mind all matters worthy of
retention.

ITS WORK DONE.

Close of the Democratic National Convention.

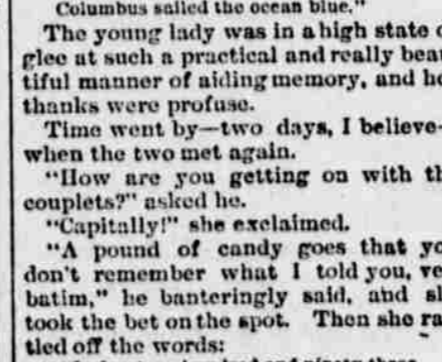
Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois, Nominated
for Vice President—Closing Scenes
in the Convention—Final
Adjournment.



ADLAI E. STEVENSON.

the democratic party [applause] and the ques-
tion which confronts this convention is, whom
shall it be that will have the honor, to hold
up the banner of democracy in this cam-
paign? [Tremendous cheering and cries of
'For Gray, Gray']

A Beautiful Scheme.
The Only Trouble with It Was That It
Didn't Work.
"Memory, the warbler of the brain,"
says Shakespeare, but with many it
would seem that the full meaning of
the aphorism is sadly lost.



"YOU OUGHT TO MARRY, SEAWARD."

never had a chance to work for
yourself," said the kind, motherly old
dowager as she handed half a pie to the
singly applicant for cold victuals who
had told his wretched, pathetic tale of
woe.
"Never, ma'am," he replied. "Al-
ways had to work for other men. Al-
ways had to work hard, too, and got
mighty little for it."

Close of the Democratic National Convention.

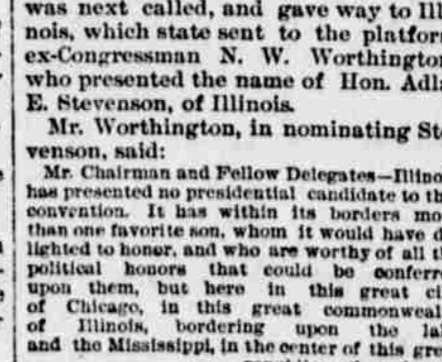
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ADLAI E. STEVENSON.

The greatest breeze of the roll call
swept the convention when Gov. Flower
stood on his feet and stated New York
was solid for Stevenson. 72 votes.
When the roll was finished the figures
showed Stevenson 402 and Gray 348—no
choice.
Then changes commenced and finally
Stevenson received the necessary vote
and his nomination was made unani-
mously.



JOHN L. MITCHELL.

Gen. Stevenson was a delegate-at-
large from Illinois to the convention
which nominated him for the vice pres-
idency. He was unanimously elected
chairman of the Illinois delegation and
occupied the position at its head and
made all announcements for the dele-
gation until his name was entered in
the vice-presidential contest, when he
deliberately retired to the gallery. The
headquarters of Gen. Stevenson at the
Palmer house last night was the
mecca of thousands of en-
thusiastic democrats and the general
was forced to repair to one of the pub-
lic parlors where for three hours he
shook hands with a stream of visitors
that passed rapidly through and were
presented to him by Congressman
Springer and others. During this recep-
tion most of the Tammany delegates
called to pay their respects to Steven-
son and all of them gave words of cheer.